



Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan^r. 13th. 1778.



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BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



POPE VOLUME I.
Tw'as then Belinda if Report say true.
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet doux!
Rape of the Lock. Canto 1.

Martin del.

Goussier sc.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar. 1. 1777.



Mary Somerville 1795

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire :
And taught the World with reason to admire. P.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALFRED, ESQ.



CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS
FROM THE TEXT OF THE MANUSCRIPT
BY JOHN GIBSON

The new edition of the Poetical Works of Alfred, Esq. is now published by the British Museum.

VOL. I.
EDINBURGH:
AT THE SPALDING PRESS, BY THE MESSRS. GIBSON.
JANUARY 1862.

POPE'S PASTORALS,

&c. &c. &c.



POPES
RALS

SELECT POEMS

BY

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

VIZ. HIS

PASTORALS,

MESSIAH,

WINDSOR FOREST,

|| RAPE OF THE LOCK,

|| SAPPHO TO PHAON,

|| ELOISA TO ABELARD,

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:

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Anno 1776.

SELECTED



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EDINBURGH

AT THE BELL'S HEAD, BY THE MASTERS.
JUL 1776.

THE LIFE OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

THIS illustrious Poet was born at London in 1688, and was descended from a good family of that name in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey. His father, a man of primitive simplicity, and integrity of manners, was a merchant of London, who, upon the Revolution, quitted trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to near 10,000 l. with which he retired into the country; and died in 1717, at the age of seventy-five.

Our Poet's mother, who lived to a very advanced age, being ninety-three years old when she died in 1733, was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; and the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after sequestration and forfeitures of her family. To these circumstances our Poet alludes in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in which he mentions his parents.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprang,-----What fortune pray?-----their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;

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Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age :
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try ;
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie :
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart :
 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temp'rance and by exercise ;
 His life though long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.

The education of our great Author was attended with circumstances very singular, and some of them extremely unfavourable ; but the amazing force of his genius fully compensated the want of any advantage in his earliest instruction. He owed the knowledge of his letters to an aunt ; and having learned very early to read, took great delight in it, and taught himself to write by copying after printed books, the characters of which he would imitate to great perfection. He began to compose verses farther back than he could well remember ; and, at eight years of age, when he was put under one Taverner a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues at the same time, he met with Ogilby's Homer, which gave him great delight ; and this was increased by Sandy's Ovid. The raptures which these authors, even in the disguise of such translations, then yielded him, were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. From Mr. Taverner's tuition he was sent to a private school at Twiford, near Winchester, where he continued about a year, and was then removed to an-



other near Hyde Park Corner; but was so unfortunate as to lose under his two last masters what he had acquired under the first.

While he remained at this school, being permitted to go to the playhouse, with some of his schoolfellows of a more advanced age, he was so charmed with dramatic representations, that he formed the translation of the Iliad into a play, from several of the speeches in Ogilby's translation, connected with verses of his own; and the several parts were performed by the upper boys of the school, except that of Ajax by the master's gardener. At the age of twelve our young Poet went with his father to reside at his house at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he was, for a few months, under the tuition of another priest, with as little success as before; so that he resolved now to become his own master, by reading those classic writers which gave him most entertainment; and, by this method, at fifteen, he gained a ready habit in the learned languages, to which he soon after added the French and Italian. Upon his retreat to the Forest, he became first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; in the last of which he immediately found what he wanted, and the poems of that excellent writer were never out of his hands; they became his model, and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his versification.

The first of our Author's compositions now extant

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in print is an ode on Solitude, written before he was twelve years old; which, considered as the production of so early an age, is a perfect masterpiece; nor need he have been ashamed of it, had it been written in the meridian of his genius: while it breathes the most delicate spirit of poetry, it at the same time demonstrates his love of solitude, and the rational pleasures which attend the retreats of a contented country life.

Two years after this he translated the First Book of Statius' Thebais, and wrote a copy of verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing. Thus we find him no sooner capable of holding the pen, than he employed it in writing verses;

"He lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Though we have had frequent opportunity to observe that poets have given early displays of genius, yet we cannot recollect that among the inspired tribe one can be found who, at the age of twelve, could produce so animated an ode, or, at the age of fourteen, translate from the Latin. It has been reported indeed concerning Mr. Dryden, that when he was at Westminster school, the master, who had assigned a poetical task to some of the boys, of writing a paraphrase on our Saviour's miracle of turning water into wine, was perfectly astonished when young Dryden presented him with the following line, which he asserted was the best comment could be written upon it;

The conscious water saw its God, and blush'd.

This was the only instance of an early appearance of genius in this great man, for he was turned of thirty before he acquired any reputation; an age in which Mr. Pope's was in its full distinction.

The year following that in which Mr. Pope wrote his poem on Silence, he began an epic poem, entitled *Alcander*, which he afterwards very judiciously committed to the flames, as he did likewise a comedy and a tragedy; the latter taken from a story in the legend of St. Genevieve; both of these being the product of those early days: but his *Pastorals*, which were written in 1704, when he was only sixteen years of age, were esteemed by Sir William Trumball, Mr. Granville, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, and others of his friends, too valuable to be condemned to the same fate.

The three great writers of pastoral dialogue which Mr. Pope in some measure seems to imitate, are Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Mr. Pope is of opinion that Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity.

That Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines on his original; and in all points, in which judgment has the principal part, is much superior to his master.

That among the Moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these Ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has far excelled all the pastoral writers,

as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets, of his own country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the Ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil; but this he said before Mr. Pope's Pastoral's appeared.

Mr. Walsh pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy (as Mr. Pope called himself) the following judgment, in a letter to Mr. Wycherley.

"The verses are very tender and easy. The Author
"seems to have a particular genius for that kind of
"poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the
"years you told me he was of. It is no flattery at all
"to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at
"his age. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring
"me acquainted with him; and if he will give him-
"self the trouble, any morning, to call at my house,
"I shall be very glad to read the verses with him, and
"give him my opinion of the particulars more largely
"than I can well do in this letter."

Thus early was Mr. Pope introduced to the acquaintance of men of genius, and so improved every advantage, that he made a more rapid progress towards a consummation in fame than any of our former English poets. His Messiah, his Windsor Forest, the

first part of which was written at the same time with his Pastorals; his Essay on Criticism in 1709, and his Rape of the Lock in 1712, established his poetical character in such a manner, that he was called upon by the public voice to enrich our language with the translation of the Iliad, which he began at twenty-five, and executed in five years. This was published for his own benefit, by subscription, the only kind of reward which he received for his writings, which do honour to our age and country; his religion rendering him incapable of a place, which the Lord Treasurer Oxford used to express his concern for, but without offering him a pension, as the Earl of Halifax, and Mr. Secretary Craggs afterwards did, though Mr. Pope declined it.

The reputation of Mr. Pope gaining every day upon the world, he was caressed, flattered, and railed at, according as he was feared or loved by different persons. Mr. Wycherley was amongst the first authors of established reputation who contributed to advance his fame, and with whom he for some time lived in the most unreserved intimacy. This poet, in his old age, conceived a design of publishing his poems; and as he was but a very imperfect master of numbers, he entrusted his manuscripts to Mr. Pope, and submitted them to his correction. The freedom which our young bard was under a necessity to use, in order to polish and refine what was in the original rough, unharmoni-

nions, and indelicate, proved disgusting to the old gentleman, then near seventy, who, perhaps, was a little ashamed that a boy at sixteen should so severely correct his works. Letters of dissatisfaction were written by Mr. Wycherley, and at last he informed him, in few words, that he was going out of Town, without mentioning to what place, and did not expect to hear from him till he came back. This cold indifference extorted from Mr. Pope a protestation, that nothing should induce him ever to write to him again. Notwithstanding this peevish behaviour of Mr. Wycherley, occasioned by jealousy and infirmities, Mr. Pope preserved a constant respect and reverence for him while he lived, and after his death lamented him. In a letter to Edward Blount, Esq. written immediately upon the death of this poet, he has there related some anecdotes of Wycherley, which we shall here insert.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to
“ you at present, as some circumstances of the last act
“ of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wy-
“ cherley. He had often told me, as, I doubt not he
“ did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as
“ soon as his life was despaired of; accordingly, a few
“ days before his death, he underwent the ceremony,
“ and joined together those two sacraments, which

" wise men say should be the last we receive; for, if
 " you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme
 " unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the
 " order of time in which they are to be taken. The
 " old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience
 " of having, by this one act, paid his just debts, obli-
 " ged a woman who, he was told, had merit, and
 " shown a heroic resentment of the ill usage of his
 " next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had
 " with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of
 " four hundred a-year made her a recompense; and
 " the nephew he left to comfort himself, as well as
 " he could, with the miserable remains of a mortga-
 " ged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was
 " done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to
 " be in his health, neither much afraid of dying,
 " nor (which in him had been more likely) much
 " ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expi-
 " red he called his young wife to the bed-side, and
 " earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request,
 " the last he should ever make: upon her assurance
 " of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only
 " this, that you will never marry an old man again."
 " I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often
 " destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power
 " to remove that talent we call humour. Mr. Wy-
 " cherley showed this even in this last compliment,
 " though I think his request a little hard; for why

“ should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the
“ same easy terms.”

One of the most affecting and tender compositions of Mr. Pope, is his Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady, built on a true story. We are informed in the Life of Pope, for which Curl obtained a patent, that this young lady was a particular favourite of the Poet, though it is not ascertained whether he himself was the person from whom she was removed. This young lady was of very high birth, possessed an opulent fortune, and under the tutelage of an uncle, who gave her an education suitable to her titles and pretensions. She was esteemed a match for the greatest peer in the realm, but in her early years she suffered her heart to be engaged by a young gentleman, and, in consequence of this attachment, rejected offers made to her by persons of quality, seconded by the solicitations of her uncle. Her guardian, being surprised at this behaviour, set spies upon her, to find out the real cause of her indifference. Her correspondence with her lover was soon discovered, and, when urged upon that topic, she had too much truth and honour to deny it. The uncle, finding that she would make no efforts to disengage her affection, after a little time forced her abroad, where she was received with a ceremony due to her quality, but restricted from the conversation of every one but the spies of this severe guardian, so that it was impossible for her lover even

to have a letter delivered into her hands. She languished in this place a considerable time, bore an infinite deal of sickness, and was overwhelmed with the profoundest sorrow. Nature being wearied out with continual distress, and being driven at last to despair, the unfortunate lady, as Mr. Pope justly calls her, put an end to her own life, having bribed a maid-servant to procure her a sword. She was found upon the ground weltering in her blood. The severity of the laws of the place, where this fair unfortunate perished, denied her Christian burial, and she was interred without solemnity, or even any attendants to perform the last offices of the dead, except some young people of the neighbourhood, who saw her put into common ground, and strewed the grave with flowers.

The Poet, in the Elegy, takes occasion to mingle, with the tears of sorrow, just reproaches upon her cruel uncle, who drove her to this violation.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou base betrayer of a brother's blood!

See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,

Those cheeks now fading at the blast of death:

Lifeless the breast which warm'd the world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

The conclusion of this Elegy is irresistibly affecting.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,

Which once had beauty, title, wealth, and fame,

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee;

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

No poem of our Author's more deservedly obtained him reputation than his Essay on Criticism. Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, N^o 253, has celebrated it with such profuse terms of admiration, that it is really astonishing to find the same man endeavouring afterwards to diminish that fame he had contributed to raise so high.

“The Art of Criticism,” says he, “which was published some months ago, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of

“ the world, to make observations in criticism, mo-
 “ rality, or any art and science, which have not been
 “ touched upon by others. We have little else left
 “ us but to represent the common sense of mankind
 “ in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncom-
 “ mon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s Art of
 “ Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which
 “ he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which
 “ were not commonly known by all the poets of the
 “ Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying
 “ them, not his invention of them, is what we are
 “ chiefly to admire.——

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the
 “ same kind of sublime which he observes in the seve-
 “ ral passages which occasioned them. I cannot but
 “ take notice that our English Author has, after the
 “ same manner, exemplified several of his precepts
 “ in the very precepts themselves.” He then produ-
 “ ces some instances of a particular kind of beauty in
 “ the numbers, and concludes with saying, “ That we
 “ have three poems in our tongue of the same nature,
 “ and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on
 “ Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry,
 “ and the Essay on Criticism.”

In the Lives of Addison and Tickle we have thrown
 out some general hints concerning the quarrel which
 subsisted between our Poet and the former of these

gentlemen; here it will not be improper to give a more particular account of it.

The author of *Mist's Journal* positively asserts, "that Mr. Addison raised Pope from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful influence with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied, by that means, unusual contributions on the public. No sooner was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend, and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public."

When this charge of ingratitude and dishonour was published against Mr. Pope, to acquit himself of it he called upon any nobleman whose friendship, or any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison had procured to our Author, to stand forth and declare it, that truth might appear. But the whole libel was proved a malicious story by many persons of distinction, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, approved those verses denominated a libel, but which were, it is said, a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till by Curl, in his *Miscellanies*, 12mo, 1727. The lines, indeed, are elegantly satirical, and, in the opinion of many unprejudiced judges, who had opportunities of knowing

the character of Mr. Addison, are no ill representation of him. Speaking of the poetical triflers of the times, who had declared against him, he makes a sudden transition to Addison.

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, others teach to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading even fools ; by flatterers belieg'd ;
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd.
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be !
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

Some readers may think these lines severe, but the treatment he received from Mr. Addison was more than sufficient to justify them, which will appear when we particularize an interview between these two poetical antagonists, procured by the warm solicitations of Sir Richard Steele, who was present at it, as well as Mr. Gay.

Mr. Jervas being one day in company with Mr.

Addison, the conversation turned upon Mr. Pope, for whom Addison, at that time, expressed the highest regard, and assured Mr. Jervas that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art likewise, to do Mr. Pope service; he then said he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court, and protested, notwithstanding many insinuations were spread, that it should not be his fault if there was not the best understanding and intelligence between them. He observed that Dr. Swift might have carried him too far among the enemy during the animosity, but now all was safe, and Mr. Pope, in his opinion, was escaped. When Mr. Jervas communicated this conversation to Mr. Pope, he made this reply: "The friendly office you endeavour to do between Mr. Addison and me deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my readiness to testify it by all ways in my power; you also thoroughly knew the meanness of that proceeding of Mr. Phillips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my disposition towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be judge in what regards himself, and as he has seemed not to be a very just one to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship; and, as for any offers of real kindness or service, which it is in his power to do me, I should be

“ashamed to receive them from a man who has no
 “better opinion of my morals than to think me a
 “party man, nor of my temper, than to believe me
 “capable of maligning or envying another’s reputa-
 “tion as a poet. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of
 “my respect at all times, and of my real friendship,
 “whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I
 “am.”

Some years after this conversation, at the desire of Sir Richard Steele, they met. At first, a very cold civility, and nothing else, appeared on either side, for Mr. Addison had a natural reserve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, which, by conversation and a glass, brightened into an easy cheerfulness. Sir Richard Steele, who was a most social benevolent man, begged of him to fulfil his promise, in dropping all animosity against Mr. Pope. Mr. Pope then desired to be made sensible how he had offended, and observed, that the translation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was undertaken at the request, and almost at the command, of Sir Richard Steele. He entreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever so much severity, rather than, by keeping up forms of complaisance, conceal any of his faults. This Mr. Pope spoke in such a manner as plainly indicated he thought Mr. Addison the aggressor, and expected him to condescend, and own himself the cause of the breach between them.

But he was disappointed; for Mr. Addison, without appearing to be angry, was quite overcome with it. He began with declaring that he always had wished him well, had often endeavoured to be his friend, and in that light advised him, if his nature was capable of it, to divest himself of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial readers imagined; that when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verses, they had a different air; reminding Mr. Pope of the amendment, by Sir Richard, of a line in the poem called the Messiah;

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

Which is taken from the prophet Isaiah,

The Lord God will wipe all tears from off all faces;

From every face he wipes off every tear.

and it stands so altered in the newer editions of Mr. Pope's works. He proceeded to lay before him all the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the writers who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things which he himself objected to. Speaking of his Translation in general, he said, that he was not to be blamed for endeavouring to get so large a sum of money, but that it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell, which had all the spirit of Homer. Mr. Addison concluded, in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not solicitous about his own

fame as a poet; that he had quitted the Muses to enter into the business of the public, and that all he spoke was through friendship to Mr. Pope, whom he advised to have a less exalted sense of his own merit.

Mr. Pope could not well bear such repeated reproaches, but boldly told Mr. Addison, that he appealed from his judgment to the public, and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendship from him; upbraided him with being a pensioner from his youth, sacrificing the very learning purchased by the public money to a mean thirst of power; that he was sent abroad to encourage literature, in place of which he had always endeavoured to suppress merit. At last the contest grew so warm that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope, upon this, wrote the foregoing verses, which are esteemed too true a picture of Mr. Addison.

In this account, and, indeed, in all other accounts which have been given concerning this quarrel, it does not appear that Mr. Pope was the aggressor. If Mr. Addison entertained suspicions of Mr. Pope's being carried too far among the enemy, the danger was certainly Mr. Pope's, and not Mr. Addison's. It was his misfortune, and not his crime. If Mr. Addison should think himself capable of becoming a rival to Mr. Pope, and, in consequence of this opinion, publish a translation of part of Homer at the same time with Mr. Pope's, and if the public should decide

in favour of the latter, by reading his translation, and neglecting the other, can any fault be imputed to Mr. Pope? could he be blamed for exerting all his abilities in so arduous a province? and was it his fault that Mr. Addison (for the First Book of Homer was undoubtedly his) could not translate to please the public? Besides, was it not somewhat presumptuous to insinuate to Mr. Pope that his verses bore another face when he corrected them, while, at the same time, the translation of Homer, which he had never seen in manuscript, bore away the palm from that very translation he himself asserted was done in the true spirit of Homer? In matters of genius the public judgment seldom errs, and in this case posterity has confirmed the sentence of that age which gave the preference to Mr. Pope: for his translation is in the hands of all readers of taste, while the other is seldom regarded but as a foil to Pope's.

It would appear as if Mr. Addison were himself so immersed in party business as to contract his benevolence to the limits of a faction, which was infinitely beneath the views of a philosopher, and the rules which that excellent writer himself established. If this was the failing of Mr. Addison, it was not the error of Pope, for he kept the strictest correspondence with some persons whose affections to the Whig interest were suspected, yet was his name never called in question. While he was in favour with the Duke

of Buckingham, the Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Harcourt, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Prior, he did not drop his correspondence with the Lord Halifax, Mr. Craggs, and most of those who were at the head of the Whig interest. A professed Jacobite one day remonstrated to Mr. Pope, that the people of his party took it ill that he should write with Mr. Steele upon ever so indifferent a subject; at which he could not help smiling, and observed, that he hated narrowness of soul in any party; and that if he renounced his reason in religious matters, he should hardly do it on any other; and that he could pray not only for opposite parties, but even for opposite religions. Mr. Pope considered himself as a citizen of the world, and was therefore obliged to pray for the prosperity of mankind in general. As a son of Britain he wished those councils might be suffered by Providence to prevail which were most for the interest of his native country; but as politics was not his study, he could not always determine, at least with any degree of certainty, whose counsels were best; and had charity enough to believe that contending parties might mean well. As taste and science are confined to no country, so ought they not to be excluded from any party; and Mr. Pope had an unexceptionable right to live upon terms of the strictest friendship with every man of parts, to which party soever he might belong. Mr. Pope's uprightness in his conduct towards contend-

in politicians, is demonstrated by his living independent of either faction : he accepted no place, and had too high a spirit to become a pensioner.

Many effects, however, were made to proselyte him from the Popish faith, which all proved ineffectual. His friends conceived hopes, from the moderation which he on all occasions expressed, that he was really a Protestant in his heart, and that upon the death of his mother he would not scruple to declare his sentiments, notwithstanding the reproaches he might incur from the Popish party, and the public observation it would draw upon him. The Bishop of Rochester strongly advised him to read the controverted points between the Protestant and the Catholic church, to suffer his unprejudiced reason to determine for him, and he made no doubt but a separation from the Romish communion would soon ensue. To this Mr. Pope very candidly answered, “ Whether the change would
“ be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows : this
“ I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now
“ profess, as ever I can do in any other. Can a man
“ who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought
“ both equally good ? to such an one the part of joining
“ with any one body of Christians might perhaps
“ be easy, but I think it would not be so to renounce
“ the other.

“ Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read
“ the best controversies between the Churches. Shall

“ I tell you a secret ? I did so at fourteen years old,
“ for I loved reading, and my father had no other
“ books. There was a collection of all that had been
“ written on both sides in the reign of King James II.
“ I warmed my head with them, and the consequence
“ was, I found myself a Papist or a Protestant by
“ turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid
“ most seekers are in the same case, and when they
“ stop, they are not so properly converted as outwit-
“ ted. You see how little glory you would gain by
“ my conversion ; and, after all, I verily believe your
“ Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we
“ were thoroughly understood by one another, and
“ that all honest and reasonable Christians would be
“ so, if they did but talk enough together every day,
“ and had nothing to do together but to serve God,
“ and live in peace with their neighbours.

“ As to the temporal side of the question, I can
“ have no dispute with you ; it is certain all the be-
“ neficial circumstances of life, and all the shining
“ ones, lie on the part you would invite me to : but
“ if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you
“ do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life,
“ I want health for it ; and besides it is a real truth,
“ I have, if possible, less inclination than ability. Con-
“ templative life is not only my scene, but is my habit
“ too. I begun my life where most people end theirs,
“ with a disgust of all that the world calls ambition.

“ I don't know why it is called so; for, to me, it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing.
“ I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words: in my politics I think no farther than how to preserve my peace of life in any government under which I live; nor in my religion than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they are, or may be, wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them, which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England.”

These are the peaceful maxims upon which we find Mr. Pope conducted his life, and if they cannot in some respects be justified, yet it must be owned that his religion and his politics were well enough adapted

for a poet, which entitled him to a kind of universal patronage, and to make every good man his friend.

Dean Swift sometimes wrote to Mr. Pope on the topic of changing his religion, and once humourously offered him twenty pounds for that purpose. Mr. Pope's answer to this Lord Orrery has obliged the world by preserving in the life of Swift. It is a perfect masterpiece of wit and pleasantry.

We have already taken notice that Mr. Pope was called upon by the public voice to translate the *Iliad*, which he performed with so much applause, and, at the same time, with so much profit to himself, that he was envied by many writers whose vanity, perhaps, induced them to believe themselves equal to so great a design. A combination of inferior wits were employed to write *The Popiad*, in which his translation is characterized as unjust to the original, without beauty of language, or variety of numbers. Instead of the justness of the original, they say there is absurdity and extravagance: instead of the beautiful language of the original, there is solecism and barbarous English. A candid reader may easily discern, from this furious introduction, that the critics were actuated rather by malice than truth, and that they must judge with their eyes shut, who can see no beauty of language, no harmony of numbers, in this translation.

But the most formidable critic against Mr. Pope in this great undertaking was the celebrated Madam

Dacier, whom Mr. Pope treated with less ceremony in his Notes on the Iliad than, in the opinion of some people, was due to her sex. This learned lady was not without a sense of the injury, and took an opportunity of discovering her resentment.

“ Upon finishing,” says she, “ the second edition of
“ my translation of Homer, a particular friend sent
“ me a translation of part of Mr. Pope’s Preface to
“ his version of the Iliad. As I do not understand
“ English, I cannot form any judgment of his performance, though I have heard much of it. I am
“ indeed willing to believe, that the praises it has met
“ with are not unmerited, because whatever work is
“ approved by the English nation cannot be bad; but
“ yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that part
“ of the preface which has been transmitted to me;
“ and I here take the liberty of giving my sentiments
“ concerning it. I must freely acknowledge that Mr.
“ Pope’s invention is very lively, though he seems to
“ have been guilty of the same fault into which he
“ owns we are often precipitated by our invention,
“ when we depend too much upon the strength of it;
“ as magnanimity, says he, may run up to confusion
“ and extravagance, so may great invention to redundancy and wildness.

“ This has been the very case of Mr. Pope himself; nothing is more overstrained, or more false, than the images in which his fancy has represented

"Homer; sometimes he tells us that the Iliad is a
 "wild paradise, where, if we cannot see all the beau-
 "ties, as in an ordered garden, it is only because the
 "number of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes he
 "compares him to a copious nursery, which contains
 "the seeds and first productions of every kind; and,
 "lastly, he represents him under the notion of a
 "mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous
 "seed, is improved with industry, flourishes and pro-
 "duces the finest fruit, but bears too many branches,
 "which might be lopped into form, to give it a more
 "regular appearance, *and he says it is a wild garden*

"What! is Homer's poem then, according to Mr.
 "Pope, a confused heap of beauties, without order
 "or symmetry, and a plot whereon nothing but seeds,
 "nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and
 "a production loaded with many unprofitable things
 "which ought to be retrenched, and which choke
 "and disfigure those which deserve to be preserved?
 "Mr. Pope will pardon me if I here oppose those
 "comparisons, which to me appear very false, and
 "entirely contrary to what the greatest of ancient
 "and modern critics ever thought. *and he says it is a wild garden*

"The Iliad is so far from being a wild paradise,
 "that it is the most regular garden, and laid out with
 "more symmetry than any ever was. Every thing
 "therein is not only in the place it ought to have
 "been, but every thing is fitted for the place it hath;

“ He presents you, at first, with that which ought to
“ be first seen ; he places in the middle what ought
“ to be in the middle, and what would be improperly
“ placed at the beginning or end, and he removes
“ what ought to be at a greater distance, to create
“ the more agreeable surprise ; and, to use a compa-
“ rison drawn from painting, he places that in the
“ greatest light which cannot be too visible, and sinks
“ in the obscurity of the shade what does not require
“ a full view ; so that it may be said that Homer is
“ the painter who best knew how to employ the shades
“ and lights. The second comparison is equally un-
“ just : how could Mr. Pope say, “ that one can only
“ discover seeds, and the first productions of every
“ kind, in the Iliad ? ” every beauty is there to such
“ an amazing perfection, that the following ages could
“ add nothing to those of any kind ; and the Ancients
“ have always proposed Homer as the most perfect
“ model in every kind of poetry. ”

“ The third comparison is composed of the errors
“ of the two former ; Homer had certainly an incom-
“ parable fertility of invention, but his fertility is
“ always checked by that just sense which made him
“ reject every superfluous thing which his vast imagi-
“ nation could offer, and to retain only what was
“ necessary and useful. Judgment guided the hand
“ of this admirable gardener, and was the pruning-
“ hook he employed to lop off every useless branch. ”

Thus far Madam Dacier differs in her opinion from Mr. Pope concerning Homer; but these remarks, which we have just quoted, partake not at all of the nature of criticism; they are mere assertion. Pope had declared Homer to abound with irregular beauties. Dacier has contradicted him, and asserted, that all his beauties are regular, but no reason is assigned by either of these mighty geniuses in support of their opinions, and the reader is left in the dark as to the real truth. If he is to be guided by the authority of a name only, no doubt the argument will preponderate in favour of our countryman. The French lady then proceeds to answer some observations which Mr. Pope made upon her Remarks on the Iliad, which she performs with a warmth that generally attends writers of her sex. Mr. Pope, however, paid more regard to this fair antagonist than any other critic upon his works. He confessed that he had received great helps from her, and only thought she had (through a prodigious and almost superstitious fondness for Homer) endeavoured to make him appear without any fault or weakness, and stamp a perfection on his works which is no where to be found. He wrote her a very obliging letter, in which he confessed himself exceedingly sorry that he ever should have displeased so excellent a wit, and she, on the other hand, with a goodness and frankness peculiar to her, protested to forgive it; so that there remained

no animosities between those two great admirers and translators of Homer.

Mr. Pope, by his successful translation of the Iliad, as we have before remarked, drew upon him the envy and raillery of a whole tribe of writers. Though he did not esteem any particular man amongst his enemies of consequence enough to provoke an answer, yet, when they were considered collectively, they offered excellent materials for a general satire. This satire he planned and executed with so extraordinary a mastery, that it is by far the most complete poem of our Author's; it discovers more invention, and a higher effort of genius, than any other production of his. The hint was taken from Mr. Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, but as it is more general, so it is more pleasing. The *Dunciad* is so universally read, that we reckon it superfluous to give any further account of it here; and it would be an unpleasing task to trace all the provocations and resentments which were mutually discovered upon this occasion. Mr. Pope was of opinion that, next to praising good writers, there was a merit in exposing bad ones; though it does not hold infallibly true that each person stigmatized as a dunce was genuinely so. Something must be allowed to personal resentment: Mr. Pope was a man of keen passions; he felt an injury strongly, retained a long remembrance of it, and could very pungently repay it. Some of the gentlemen, however, who had been

more severely lashed than the rest, meditated a revenge which redounds but little to their honour. They either intended to chastise him corporally, or gave it out that they had really done so, in order to bring shame upon Mr. Pope, which, if true, could only bring shame upon themselves.

While Mr. Pope enjoyed any leisure from severer applications to study, his friends were continually soliciting him to turn his thoughts towards something that might be of lasting use to the world, and engage no more in a war with dunces who were now effectually humbled. Our great dramatic poet Shakespeare had passed through several hands, some of whom were very reasonably judged not to have understood any part of him tolerably, much less were capable to correct or revise him.

The friends of Mr. Pope, therefore, strongly importuned him to undertake the whole of Shakespeare's plays, and, if possible, by comparing all the different copies now to be procured, restore him to his ancient purity: to which our Poet made this modest reply, That, not having attempted any thing in the drama, it might in him be deemed too much presumption. To which he was answered, That this did not require great knowledge of the foundation and disposition of the drama, as that must stand as it was, and Shakespeare himself had not always paid strict regard to the rules of it; but this was to clear the

scenes from the rubbish with which ignorant editors had filled them.

His proper business in this work was to render the text so clear as to be generally understood, to free it from obscurities, and sometimes gross absurdities, which now seem to appear in it, and to explain doubtful and difficult passages, of which there are great numbers. This, however, was an arduous province, and how Mr. Pope has acquitted himself in it has been differently determined: it is certain he never valued himself upon that performance, nor was it a task in the least adapted to his genius; for it seldom happens that a man of lively parts can undergo the servile drudgery of collecting passages, in which more industry and labour are necessary than persons of quick penetration generally have to bestow.

It has been the opinion of some critics that Mr. Pope's talents were not adapted for the drama, otherwise we cannot well account for his neglecting the most gainful way of writing which poetry affords, especially as his reputation was so high that, without much ceremony or mortification, he might have had any piece of his brought upon the stage. Mr. Pope was attentive to his own interest, and if he had not either been conscious of his inability in that province, or too timid to wish the popular approbation, he would certainly have attempted the drama. Neither was he esteemed a very competent judge of what

plays were proper or improper for representation. He wrote several letters to the manager of Drury-Lane theatre in favour of Thomson's *Agamemnon*, which, notwithstanding his approbation, Thomson's friends were obliged to mutilate and shorten; and, after all, it proved a heavy play;—though it was generally allowed to have been one of the best acted plays that had appeared for some years.

He was certainly concerned in the comedy which was published in Mr. Gay's name, called *Three Hours after Marriage*, as well as Dr. Arbuthnot. This illustrious triumvirate, though men of the most various parts, and extensive understanding, yet were not able, it seems, to please the people, though the principal parts were supported by the best actors in that way on the stage. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope were, no doubt, solicitous to conceal their concern in it; but, by a letter which Gay wrote to Pope, published in Ayre's *Memoirs*, it appears evident (if Ayre's authority may be depended on) that they both assisted in the composition.

“ Dear Pope,

“ Too late I see and confess myself mistaken in relation to the comedy; yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mummy, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it. I can't help laughing myself (though the

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“vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ridiculous) to think how the poor monster and mummy were dashed at their reception, and, when the cry was loudest, I thought that, if the thing had been written by another, I should have deemed the Town in some measure mistaken; and as to your apprehension that this may do us future injury, do not think of it; the Doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by any thing of this nature; and your's is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, and indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved by you.”

Of all our Poet's writings none were read with more general approbation than his *Ethic Epistles*, or multiplied into more editions. Mr. Pope, who was a perfect economist, secured to himself the profits arising from his own works; he was never subjected to necessity, and therefore was not to be imposed upon by the art or fraud of publishers.

But now approaches the period in which, as he himself expressed it, he stood in need of the generous tear he paid;

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.

Mr. Pope, who had been always subjected to a variety of bodily infirmities, finding his strength give way, began to think that his days, which had been

prolonged past his expectation, were drawing towards a conclusion. However, he visited the Hot-wells at Bristol, where, for some time, there were small hopes of his recovery; but, making too free with purges, he grew worse, and seemed desirous to draw nearer home. A dropsy in the breast at last put a period to his life at the age of fifty-six, on the 30th of May 1744, at his house at Twickenham, where he was interred in the same grave with his father and mother.

Mr. Pope's behaviour in his last illness has been variously represented to the world: some have affirmed that it was timid and peevish; that, having been fixed in no particular system of faith, his mind was wavering, and his temper broken and disturbed; Others have asserted that he was all cheerfulness and resignation to the divine will: which of these opinions is true we cannot now determine; but if the former, it must be regretted that he who had taught philosophy to others, should himself be destitute of its assistance in the most critical moments of his life.

The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to Mrs. Blount, with whom he lived in the strictest friendship, and for whom he is said to have entertained the warmest affection. His works, which are in the hands of every person of true taste, and will last as long as our language will be understood, render unnecessary all further remarks on his writings. He was equally admired for the dignity and sublimity of his moral

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and philosophical works, the vivacity of his satirical, the clearness and propriety of his didactic, the richness and variety of his descriptive, and the elegance of all, added to an harmony of versification and correctness of sentiment and language unknown to our former poets, and of which he has set an example, which will be an example or a reproach to his successors. His prose style is as perfect in its kind as his poetic, and has all the beauties proper for it, joined to an uncommon force and perspicuity.

Under the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, to which he adhered to the last, he maintained all the moderation and charity becoming the most thorough and consistent Protestant. His conversation was natural, easy, and agreeable, without any affectation of displaying his wit, or obtruding his own judgment, even upon subjects of which he was so eminently a master.

The moral character of our Author, as it did not escape the lash of his calumniators in his life, so have there been attempts since his death to diminish his reputation. Lord Bolingbroke, whom Mr. Pope esteemed to almost an enthusiastic degree of admiration, was the first to make this attack. Not many years ago the public were entertained with this controversy, immediately upon the publication of his Lordship's Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King. Different opinions have been offered, some to extenuate the fault of Mr. Pope for printing

and mutilating these letters without his Lordship's knowledge; others to blame him for it as the highest breach of friendship, and the greatest mark of dishonour; but it would exceed our proposed bounds to enter into the merits of this controversy.

This great man is allowed to have been one of the first rank amongst the poets of our nation, and to acknowledge the superiority of none but Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. With the two former it is unnatural to compare him, as their province in writing is so very different. Pope has never attempted the drama, nor published an epic poem, in which these two distinguished geniuses have so wonderfully succeeded. Though Pope's genius was great, it was yet of so different a cast from Shakespeare's and Milton's, that no comparison can be justly formed. But if this may be said of the former two, it will by no means hold with respect to the latter; for between him and Dryden there is a great similarity of writing, and a very striking coincidence of genius. It will not, perhaps, be displeasing to our readers if we pursue this comparison, and endeavour to discover to whom the superiority is justly to be attributed, and to which of them poetry owes the highest obligations.

When Dryden came into the world he found poetry in a very imperfect state; its numbers were unpolished, its cadences rough, and there was nothing of harmony or melliflence to give it a graceful flow. In

this harsh, unmusical situation, Dryden found it, (for the refinements of Waller were but puerile and unsubstantial); he polished the rough diamond, he taught it to shine, and connected beauty, elegance, and strength, in all his poetical compositions. Though Dryden thus polished our English numbers, and thus harmonized versification, it cannot be said that he carried his art to perfection. Much was yet left undone; his lines, with all their smoothness, were often rambling, and expletives were frequently introduced to complete his measures. It was apparent, therefore, that an additional harmony might still be given to our numbers, and that cadences were yet capable of a more musical modulation. To effect this purpose Mr. Pope arose, who with an ear elegantly delicate, and the advantage of the finest genius, so harmonized the English numbers, as to make them completely musical. His numbers are likewise so minutely correct, that it would be difficult to conceive how any of his lines can be altered to advantage. He has created a kind of mechanical versification; every line is alike; and though they are sweetly musical, they want diversity; for he has not studied so great a variety of pauses, and where the accents may be laid gracefully. The structure of his verse is the best, and a line of his is more musical than any other line can be made by placing the accents elsewhere; but we are not quite certain whether the ear is not apt to be soon cloyed with this uniformity of elegance, this sameness of harmony. It must

be acknowledged, however, that he has much improved upon Dryden in the article of versification, and in that part of poetry is greatly his superior. But though this must be acknowledged, perhaps it will not necessarily follow that his genius was, therefore, superior.

The grand characteristic of a poet is his invention, the surest distinction of a great genius. In Mr. Pope nothing is so truly original as his *Rape of the Lock*, nor discovers so much invention. In this kind of mock-heroic he is without a rival in our language, for Dryden has written nothing of the kind. His other work which discovers invention, fine designing, and admirable execution, is his *Dunciad*; which, though built on Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, is yet so much superior, that, in satiric writing, the palm must justly be yielded to him. In Mr. Dryden's *Abraham and Ahithophel* there are, indeed, the most poignant strokes of satire, and characters drawn with the most masterly touches; but this poem, with all its excellencies, is much inferior to the *Dunciad*, though Dryden had advantages which Mr. Pope had not; for Dryden's characters are men of great eminence and figure in the state, while Pope has to expose men of obscure birth and unimportant lives, only distinguished from the herd of mankind by a glimmering of genius, which rendered the greatest part of them more emphatically contemptible. Pope's was the hardest task, and he has executed it with the greatest success. As Mr. Dryden must undoubtedly have yielded to Pope

in satiric writing, it is incumbent on the partizans of Dryden to name another species of composition in which the former excels so as to throw the balance again upon the side of Dryden. This species is the Lyric, in which the warmest votaries of Pope must certainly acknowledge that he is much inferior; as an irresistible proof of this we need only compare Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day with Mr. Pope's; in which the disparity is so apparent, that we know not if the most finished of Pope's compositions has discovered such a variety and command of numbers.

It hath been generally acknowledged that the Lyric is a more excellent kind of writing than the Satiric, and, consequently, he who excels in the most excellent species must undoubtedly be esteemed the greatest poet.—Mr. Pope has very happily succeeded in many of his occasional pieces, such as *Eloisa to Abelard*, his *Elegy on an unfortunate young Lady*, and a variety of other performances deservedly celebrated. To these may be opposed Mr. Dryden's *Fables*, which though written in a very advanced age, are yet the most perfect of his works. In these *Fables* there is, perhaps, a greater variety than in Pope's occasional pieces: many of them, indeed, are translations, but such as are original show a great extent of invention, and a large compass of genius.

There are not in Pope's works such poignant discoveries of wit, or such a general knowledge of the humours and characters of men, as in the *Prologues*

and Epilogues of Dryden, which are the best records of the whims and capricious oddities of the times in which they are written.

When these two great geniuses are considered in the light of translators, it will, indeed, be difficult to determine into whose scale the balance should be thrown. That Mr. Pope had a more arduous province in doing justice to Homer, than Dryden with regard to Virgil, is certainly true; as Homer is a more various and diffuse poet than Virgil; and it is likewise true that Pope has even exceeded Dryden in the execution, and none will deny that Pope's Homer's Iliad is a finer poem than Dryden's Æneis of Virgil, making a proper allowance for the disproportion of the original authors. But then a candid critic should reflect, that as Dryden was prior in the great attempt of rendering Virgil into English, so did he perform the task under many disadvantages which Pope, by a happier situation in life, was enabled to avoid; and could not but improve upon Dryden's errors, though the authors translated were not the same: and it is much to be doubted if Dryden were to translate the Æneid now, with that attention which the correctness of the present age would force upon him, whether the preference would be due to Pope's Homer.

But supposing it to be yielded (as it certainly must) that the latter bard was the greatest translator, we are now to throw into Mr Dryden's scale all his dramatic works; which, though not the most excellent

of his writings, yet as nothing of Mr. Pope's can be opposed to them, they have an undoubted right to turn the balance greatly in favour of Mr. Dryden.— When the two poets are considered as critics, the comparison will very imperfectly hold. Dryden's Dedications and Prefaces, besides that they are more numerous, and are the best models for courtly panegyric, show that he understood poetry as an art beyond any man that ever lived; and he explained this art so well, that he taught his antagonists to turn the tables against himself; for he so illuminated the mind by his clear and perspicuous reasoning, that dulness itself became capable of discerning; and when at any time his performances fell short of his own ideas of excellence, his enemies tried him by rules of his own establishing; and though they owed to him the ability of judging, they seldom had candour enough to spare him.

Perhaps it may be true that Pope's works are read with more appetite, as there is a greater evenness and correctness in them; but in perusing the works of Dryden, the mind will take a wider range; and be more fraught with poetical ideas. We admire Dryden as the greater genius, and Pope as the most pleasing versifier. *Cibber's Lives.*

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment : therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point ; and can it then be wondered at if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error ? for as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

* In the former editions it was thus---“ For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation ;”---but the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed, poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a Genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others; now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself), he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating

circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense), his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, consequently, have so much diffidence as not to reap

any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him; a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present

spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I

desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still be under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island; and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our

fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burn-

ed I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so; but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my Pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this Publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these Writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this Collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion; that I was never so concerned about my Works as to vindicate them in print; believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been

encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 50. l. 25. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency; but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via ledet.)* It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amica omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as

long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of Self-love upon Innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 53. l. 4. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies; and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ

thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and even Homer blam'd!
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS PASTORALS.

In these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
Art strength'ning Nature, sense improv'd by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song;
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound, 15
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound:
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
With proper thoughts and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
Fancy improves, and judgments makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25

Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral;
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall:
 Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet still unchanged the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely rustic of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of simplicity:
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms and native excellence.
 Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
 For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
 Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:
 So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. Wycherley.

F

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand, }
 And China's earth was cast on common sand: }
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pay'd the painted
 Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast [bay.
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15
 Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us harmony as well as shades :
 A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;

A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
 Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these Atlantic shores,
 And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs;

Or to my much-lov'd His' walks convey;
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
 Thence let me view the venerable scene;
 The awful dome, the grove's eternal green;
 Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store, 60
 And made that music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd;
 Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 63
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away;
 And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day.
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding
 I rise and wander through the field or plain; (strain,
 Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 75
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheasant ly!
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And every feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by: 80
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly

O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!

Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
 Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90

The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more
 Than all their shouts for victory before. 96

Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name:

From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100

Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur, and enrich the isle;

A while distinct through many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;

There joy to lose their long distinguish'd names, 105
 And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

Fr. Knapp.

TO MR. POPE.

In imitation of a Greek epigram on Homer.

WHEN Phœbus and the Nine harmonious Maids
 Of old assembled in the Thespian shades;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Beset these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ;
 " To sing young Pelens, and the fall of Troy."
 The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
 " A truth that Envy bids me not conceal;
 " Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
 " I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
 " Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind,
 " Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
 " And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 " From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays."
 " But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 " Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 " Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 " And the white isle with female power is blest;
 " Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 " And the Translator's palm to me transfer.
 " With less regret my claim I now decline,
 " The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. Fenton.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A bard triumphant in immortal bays;
 The learn'd to show, the sensible commend;
 Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require!
 What music tune them, what affection fire!

O might thy genius in thy bosom shine,
 Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the critic well;
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd;
 She runs for ever through poetic ground. 15

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair!
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20

Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods;
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool;
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart. 25

The graces stand in sight; a satyr-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse:
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail! 40
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye Vallies, in eternal spring, 45
Be hush'd ye Winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 'Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
 When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, "The mines were here:" 60
 Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Wind for lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
 And Philomela sweetest, o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head!

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires, 76
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;

Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud :
 Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,
 Show my own love, though not increase his fame. 90

T. Parnell.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway, 95
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise;
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust : 10
 Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die :
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,

Shakespeare rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 85 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote: 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
 This you beheld; and, taught by Heav'n to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the founding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 10 He strides along, and meets the gods in fight:
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
 Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
 How long that hero *, by unskilful hands, 55
 Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head, 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire; 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:

* Odyssey, lib. 46.

Like theirs, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy friendship's fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
Or, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men, more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. Broome.

TO MR. POPE,

On the publishing his Works.

He comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god.

But hark! what shouts, what gath'ring crowds re-
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice, [joice!

G

Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
 When prostitutes or needy flatt'ers sue.
 And see the chief! before him laurels borne, 15
 'Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
 Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
 Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
 Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
 Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
 As he that met his likeness in the stream:
 The Graces these; and see how they contend, 25
 Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30
 Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
 Though each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
 (From the proud epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid),
 Go to the good and just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
 While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 "Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

Simon Harcourt.

TO MR. POPE. *From Rome, 1730.*

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore;
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many flats extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit:
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiz now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincia rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's unpropitious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate;
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;

Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his master bear: 50

"Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the throne of Wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,

No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
 A lasting column to thy country's praise;
 To sing the land which yet alone can boast
 That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd, 70
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

George Lyttleton,

PASTORALS,
WITH A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY*.

[Written in the year 1704.]

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!

Virg.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprise, in this short paper, the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will also find some points reconciled about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably Pastoral †. It is natural to imagine, that the

* Written at sixteen years of age. P.

† Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals. P.

leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of

* Heinſius in Theocr. P.

† Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2. P.

what they call the Golden Age : so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life ; and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity ; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing : the connexion should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief ; the whole eclogue should be so too ; for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these compositions natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference ; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

* Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poët. d'Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries *. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety †. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral: and since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed au-

* Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. P.

† See the forementioned Preface. P.

thors of Pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers* and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions; of which that of the Cup, in the First Pastoral, is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his Fourth and Fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to†. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΑΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. P.

† Rapin Refl. on Arist. part ii. Refl. xxvii. Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

Among the Moderns their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these Ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *A-minta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as, in his *Gierusalemme*, he has outdone the epic poets, of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the Ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetra-stich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the cri-

ties upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

H

SPRING:

PASTORAL I.

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPH. Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
When warbling philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPH. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. [Strain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow; 31
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb; that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPH. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines: 36
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order ly? 40

DAM. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees; and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPH. Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays: 46
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPH. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes: 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPH. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plair,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPH. O'er golden sands let rich Paestolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Bo;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPH. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade. {flow'rs,

STREPH. All Nature mourns, the skies relent in
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPH. All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air; [fair,
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore; 75
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

STREPH. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPH. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPH. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears ? 86
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPH. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields : 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAM. Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel ; 95
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well !
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

SUMMER:

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN:
PASTORAL III.
OR,
HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring, 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms, 10
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan, 15
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20

Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye Birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye Trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?

Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50

Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!

Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,

And cease, ye Gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Egon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd; 55

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!

Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain: 60

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,

Loose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 65

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,

In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,

And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay! 65

Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day:

Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,

While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;

So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!

Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,

And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;

Now blessing berries paint the yellow grove; 75

Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
 Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep? 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed, 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye Woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye Hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

WINTER:

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the music of that murr'm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly, 5
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYR. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYC. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"

Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYR. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

" Let Nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

" Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories ly,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore? 35
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield;
 The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid-air suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scent,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,

Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright Goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYR. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves;
Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves; 90
Adieu, my Flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan Crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the World adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Advertisement.

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.] Virg.
 Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto,

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies: 10
 Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye † Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning || Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;

IMITATIONS.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.----

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now
 "a new progeny is sent down from high Heaven. By means of thee,
 "whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and
 "free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in
 "peace, with the virtues of his father."

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a
 "son."--Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son
 "is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government,
 "and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David,
 "and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment,
 "and with justice, for ever and ever." P.

Ver. 23. See Nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,

Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

* Isa. xl. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv. ver. 4. || Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See * lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way † ! a God, a God appears ! 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.

IMITATIONS.

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho-----

Ipse tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

" For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce
 " her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia,
 " with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers
 " about thee."

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. " The wilderness and the solitary place
 " shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."
 Ch. ix. ver. 13. " The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-
 " tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of
 " thy sanctuary." P.

Ver. 29. Hark ! a glad voice, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 45.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum-----

Ipsi lætitia voces ad fydera jactant

Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,

Ipse sonant arbuta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca !. Ecl. v. ver. 62.

" Oh come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws nigh,
 " O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of Jove ! The un-
 " cultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks
 " sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !"

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. " The voice of him that crieth in the
 " wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord : make straight in the
 " desert a high way for our God ! Every valley shall be exalted, and
 " every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall
 " be made straight, and the rough places plain." Chap. iv. ver. 23.
 " Break forth into singing, ye Mountains ! O Forest, and every tree
 " therein ! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel." P.

* Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye Mountains, and, ye Vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth, ye Rocks; ye rapid Floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear * him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In † adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ‡ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd father ** of the future age.
 No more shall ¶ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

* Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. † Ch. xxv. ver. 9.
 ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11. ** Ch. ix. ver. 6. ¶ Ch. ii. ver. 4.

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
 And the broad falchion in'a ploughſhare end.
 Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful * ſon
 Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begin;
 Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield, 65
 And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
 The ſwain in barren † deſerts with ſurpriſe
 Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
 And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On riſted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
 Waſte ‡ ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
 To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. The ſwain in barren deſerts.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
 Incultique rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

“The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 “grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks ſhall
 “diſtil honey like dew.”

“Iſaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. “The parched ground ſhall become a
 “pool, and the thirſty lands ſprings of water: in the habitation
 “where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds, and ruſhes.”—Ch. iv.
 ver. 13. “Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead
 “of the brier ſhall come up the myrtle-tree.” P.

* Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22. † Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7. ‡ Ch. xli. ver. 19.
 and Ch. iv. ver. 13.

The * lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrim's feet; 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial † Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lætæ domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones-----

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet-----

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk:
 "nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent
 "shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

"Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 16, &c. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
 "and the leopard shall ly down with the kid, and the calf, and the
 "young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead
 "them....And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking
 "child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall
 "put his hand on the den of the cockatrice." P.

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!] The
 thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the Poem, are
 wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of
 Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

---toto surget gens aurea mundo!

---incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited. P.

* Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. † Ch. lvi. ver. 25. † Ch. lx. ver. 1.

See a long * race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan ‡ springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising ** sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The †† seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* Ch. ix. ver. 4. † Ch. ix. ver. 3. ‡ Ch. ix. ver. 6. ** Ch. ix.
 ver. 19, 20. †† Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano : te nostrae, Vare, myricae,
Te Nemus omne canet : nec Phoebæ gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

Virg.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, Sylvan Maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands, your aid, O Muses! bring, 5
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
And kings more furious and severe than they;

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain :
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed : 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds ly cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons-curst,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,

Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chafer, and at once the prey :
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, 85
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise :
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain. 90
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize;
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 133
Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound. 150
'Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove;
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Liodona nam'd;
 (Liodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone. 176

She scorn'd the praise of Beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the Forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves;
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
 As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah, Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train, 200
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies;
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green.
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly gods : 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His sov'reign favours, and his country loves : 236
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires :
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :

With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er;
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good, 250
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumball thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions blest, 260
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made: 270

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung? 280
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the Forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens;
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 306
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone), 320
 Oh fast accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'n's! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
 She saw her sons with purple death expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head; 330
His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: 340
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind), 350
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long expected days, 355
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands; or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; 370
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side; 375
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;

There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windfor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods, 386

Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display

To the bright regions of the rising day;

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,

Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;

Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391

Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,

The coral redden, and the ruby glow,

The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395

And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,

Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;

Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,

And seas but join the regions they divide; 400

Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,

And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,

And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,

And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405

Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!

Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,

Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;

Till the freed Indians in their native groves

Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves; 410

Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

[001]

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

[Written in the Year 1712.]

To Mrs ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny, that I have some regard for this Piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies, let an action be never so trivial in it-

self, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.)

The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty. If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;

Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

Mart.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed;
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-bean,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; 30
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower-sky;
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
And view with scorn two pages and a chain.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to those of air. 50
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?

'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace. 80
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear, 85
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau; 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new:
What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities; from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart; 100
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive. [strive,
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 'This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man! 114

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no farther read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unvail'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures open at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breaths from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames. 4
 Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. (Thence,
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10

Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry power ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his denizens of air ; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
 His purple pinions open'd to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' ærial kind
 Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.
 Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale.

To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrap'd in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair: 111
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fan and lock; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whetever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 123
 Be stop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes ly;
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
 Gums and pomatums shall his sight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
 Or, as Ixian fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, forever crown'd with flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian Screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 33
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain. 44

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Let off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basso follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd;
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his resurgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all. 85

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate :
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to Fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ; 106
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide : 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nifus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair, 135
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought: 140
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers; and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again);
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

'Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 156
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments ly! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
What time would spare, from steel receives it date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face. 26
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysterick or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
 That single act gives half the world the spleen,

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r. 80
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110

How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hide-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane),
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
 "Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again) 131
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
'That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
'Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd, remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
'Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;

The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
 But Fate and Jove had stop'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaus?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose? 30
And trust me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
'To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound : 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;

She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases; 115
 And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases,
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon'd bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick men's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view), 126
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere! [hair,
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye, 145
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

The Argument.

Phaon, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this Epistle; in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to soothe him to softness and a mutual feeling. [Anon.]

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphūs,
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
Forsitā et quare mea sint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne! 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds;
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease
 No more the Lesbian dames my passions move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 Oll other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20

Flendus amor meus est: elegeia flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Ætnæ,
 Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
 Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ, 15
 Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
 Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi:
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20

Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays, 31
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;

Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.

O facies oculis insidiosa meis!
 Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
 Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris. 25
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30
 At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dicant;
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet. 35

O ij

To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
 Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh! how vast a memory has love?

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
 Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
 Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
 Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40
 Candida si non sum, placuit Cephela Perseo
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ:
 Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
 Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri, 45
 Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
 At me cum legeres, etiam formosâ videbar;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui. 50

My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 'Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods! a Lesbian dame?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;

Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 55
 Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
 Sed tum præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.
 Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
 Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
 Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
 Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
 Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
 At vos erroneam tellure remittite nostrum, 65
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.

Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parents' ashes drank my early tears;
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.

Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ :

Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.

Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
 (Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuæ. 70

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?

Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?

Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis

Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.

Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore; 75

Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.

Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo :

Quasque male amisit, nunc male querit opes :

Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.

Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,

Accumulat curas filia parva meas.

Alas! what more could Fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last, and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;

Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis: 80
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
 Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
 Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
 Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet. 85
 Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuisse laborem?
 Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
 Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
 Sive ita nascenti legem dixere Sorores,
 Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;

Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!

Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
 Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
 Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas 95
 Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
 Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
 Hunc si conspiciat quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe;
 Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100
 Hunc Venus in cælum curru vexisset eburno;
 Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
 O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
 O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui! 105

The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take, at least, the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you :)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120

Huch ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros :
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis :
 Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco. 110
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
 Et modo dixisses, Lesbi puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti; 115
 Denique non timul, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria : nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
 Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120

Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
 And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,

Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat; Amorem,
 Perque Novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
 Cum mihi nescio quis, fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui; 125
 Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
 Alstrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis. 130
 Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
 Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
 Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus 135
 Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.

His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give and take:

Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
 Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat.
 Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die. 145
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
 Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos. 150
 Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
 Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.

Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166

Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
 Aptaque consuevas accipere, apta dare.
 Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt.
 Et iuvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
 At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum; 155
 Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
 Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
 Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis. [sint.
 Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furtialis Erichtho 159
 Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
 Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
 Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.

I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
 All but the mournful philomel and I:
 With mournful philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis 166
 Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
 At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.
 Vile solum locus est: dōs erat ille loci.
 Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170
 De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
 Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
 Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
 Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur
 Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves. 175
 Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater
 Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
 Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amōres:
 Hastenus, ut media cætera nocte silent.

A spring there is, whose silver waters flow,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below : 180
 A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
 Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood :
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main ;
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep,
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ; 190
 " There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180
 Fons facer ; hunc multi numen habere putant.
 Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
 Una nemus ; tenero cespite terra viret.
 Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus, 185
 Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.
 Constitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
 " Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi. 188
 " Phœbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor :
 " Aëtiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
 " Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
 " Misit, et illaeso corpore pressit aquas. 195

" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle Gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane! }

" Nec mora : versus amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ

" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.

" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam

" Leucada; nec faxo desiluisse time."

Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo : 200

Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.

Ibimus, O nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.

Sit procul insano victus amore timor. 204

Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit : aura, subito.

Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212
And this inscription shall be plac'd below :

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

" Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre; 215

" What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;

" The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why

To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?

Thy charms than those may far more pow'ful be, 220

And Phœbus' self is less a god to me,

Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

Oh far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd? 225

Tu quoque mollis amor, pennas suppose cadenti :

Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ,

Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam : 212

Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.

" Grata lyræ posui tibi, Phœbe, pœtria Sappho : 215

" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."

Cur tamen Actiæas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda : 220

Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.

An potes, ô scœpulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum ,

Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari! 225

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian Virgins, and ye Lesbian Dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair Youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:

Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
 Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.
 Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
 Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230
 Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
 Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
 Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ;
 Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 236
 (Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)

Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!
 If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255

Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.

Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
 Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
 An riget? et zephyri verba caduca ferunt? 245
 Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
 Hoc te, si sapieres, lente, decebat opus.
 Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
 Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
 Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstet cunti.
 Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem. 255
 Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:
 Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu,

If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love !

Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255
 [O saltem miseræ, Crudelis, epistola dicat :
 Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The Argument.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated Letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion. [P.]

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged Rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye Grotts and Caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'ed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led through a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
 There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griev's, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? 80
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast: 94
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lyes! 100

Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me ly,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilks, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n :
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others' pray'rs depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,

The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault.

I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget! 200
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee;
 How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"

Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n:
Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing; 220
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
'To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving Spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me;

Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I ly,
 Kind virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me;
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view,)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 296

O Grace serene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the Sky!
 And Faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)

"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away; 310

"Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,

"Love's victim then, though now a fainted maid:

"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;

"Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;

"Even Superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315

"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,

Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,

Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,

And smooth my passage to the realms of day:

See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul! 325

Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.

Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine, 341
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 "Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"

From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics ly,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most. 366

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal fates taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fr'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels flood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born Sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;

Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore: 20
 See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which Nature hath imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
'The mild and gen'rous breast?

10

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

15

20

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary fire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;

25

30

What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move!
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ELEGY

To the MEMORY of an UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs, her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place;
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way), 40
Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, (oh ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 50
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?

What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 'There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 'There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart; 80
 Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more:

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.

R iij

While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed? 25
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Briton's! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S

JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our Play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!” 10
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sit;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Solds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,

Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
 Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
 He has a Husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country,—but what's that to you? 40
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
 If, after, all, you think it a disgrace, 45
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the Town
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the most part, indeed, but a sort of Exercises, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to Poetry, to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the *Quarta* edition of 1717. The Imitations of English Authors were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old. [P.]

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

[Written in the year 1711.]

Advertisement.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chancer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own : yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chancer, may begin with his Third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answer to their title. [P.]

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
[I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :

Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.

High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;

The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd ;

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.

Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ; 35
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :

Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;

For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.

Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last; 50
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of Frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd:
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield : 80
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd : 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd the unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;

Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science to be good.
 But on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around:
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odjn here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130

In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.

But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great; 164
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }
 Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the god-like Socrates;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell;
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
 But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the same command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse' in holy fillets dress;
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.

The wars of Troy were round the pillars seen;
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen:
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall; 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215

The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse. 225
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace,
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here:
 The doves, that round the infant port spread 230
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround; 235
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies; 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days. 275

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd; 281
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.

Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; 301
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud, 310
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grow sweeter as they wider spread; 315
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd: 325
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies, 335
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen;
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, Mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear: 375
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;

Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents; the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request : 395
 What, you, (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain Pretenders! fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run through all the crowd. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
 On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics;

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
 At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
 Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
 Before my view appear'd a structure fair, [throne.
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air; 421
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
 Not less in number were the spacious doors
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;

Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away, 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foresaw,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.

They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon;
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now the truth and lie;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear,
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
 'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in other's breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
 Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
 Oh! grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed;
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly Pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blisful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:

But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.

Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
'To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
'To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.

Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel; and more: 30
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join;
Nor know to make the present blessing last;
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
'The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease;
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day: 40
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
'The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil:
Let not the wise these scandal'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,

A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.

Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,

Like empty shadows, pass and glide away;

One solid comfort, our eternal wife,

Abundantly supplies us all our life:

This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)

As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possest,

Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest,

With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,

And wander'd in the solitary shade.

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd

Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A wife! ah gentle Deities! can he

That has a wife e'er feel adversity?

Would men but follow what the sex advise,

All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won

His father's blessing from an elder son:

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life

To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,

Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:

At Hester's suit the persecuting sword

Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives January the sage

Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a Wife. 80
His friends were summon'd, on a point so nice
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke;)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies which I blush to tell; 90
But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease:
But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said, 101
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade :
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die :
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
 To raise up seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :
 Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
 May live like saints by Heav'n's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm found at heart;
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
 Think not my virtue lost, though Time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head :
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below.

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.
 He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side: 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wife,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves experience dwells with years! 150
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But, with the Wife Man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, "Your Honour's in the right."

135 Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault. 165

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:

140 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;

At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
Who dare to wed in your declining days.

145 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,

Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

150 A Heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)

Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
To those of gen'rous principles and just.

5 } The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:

And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least: 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
160 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;

Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend; 195
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
Do what you list for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age;
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife!

190 We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To Heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:— 220

re. What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?

195 I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way; 225
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

200 Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess, 230
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
Whilst Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
205 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.

Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by; 235
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.

210 This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue blest; 240
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.

Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
215 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.

lies, Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
! 20 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind: 245

Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn. 261
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: full oft, I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below:
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,

Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!

Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285

One, that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:

Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290

Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,

Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.

Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance; and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favours; still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array,
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bliss,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride:
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre, [string.
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place;
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight:

Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd

So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride;

Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335

For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;

Think not your softest numbers can display

The matchless glories of this blissful day;

The joys are such as far transcend your rage,

When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame fate smiling at the board,

And darted am'rous glances at her lord.

Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,

E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:

Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345

And fresh and blooming as the month of May!

The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,

Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:

Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight

Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350

Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r

To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.

Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,

And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.

With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355

And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,

Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;

Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him ly; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess;
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day, 384
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
 As all were nothing he had done by night,
 And sip'd his cordial as he sat upright. }

He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay;
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
 For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call.
 The Squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!

'Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows; to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?

On her soft couch uneasily she lay:

The lampish husband snor'd away the night, 420

'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.

What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,

Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:

Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,

Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,

Or did from Chance, or Nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,

Shed its selectest influence from above;

Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430

Felt the first motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,

And wast'd in the soft infectious fire.

Ye Fair, draw near, let May's example move

Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435

Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,

The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd;

But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,

Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my Tale: Some sages have defin'd 440

Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:

Our Knight (who studi'd much, we may suppose)

Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;

For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445

His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.

His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;

Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place: 450

A place to tire the rambling wits of France

In long descriptions, and exceed romance:

Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground

A crystal fountain spread its streams around,

The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:

About this spring, (if ancient Fame say true)

The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue: 460

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,

In circling dances gambol'd on the green;

While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,

And airy music warbled through the shade. 465

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,

(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)

For this he held it dear, and always bore

The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.

To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,

He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470

And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May :
 For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure ? 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure !
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind !
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit ! 480
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft ; but sigh'd and wept in vain :
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye ;
 For oh, 'twas fix'd ; she must possess or die !
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain ;

The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah! gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
Though they could see as far as ships can fail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave the impresson to the trusty Squire.

By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which Love will not explore? 515
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray, 520
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
 The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Dantian straight a sign she made 535
 To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
 Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
 So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life;
 And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
 When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.

25 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
 Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour undisl'd maintain; 560
 And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 40 Have comfort; spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 45 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd; 575
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd,)
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;

And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
'Then hear, my Lord; and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;
Ere I my fame by ope lewd act disgrace,
Or once rehouse the honour of my race. 590
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came ;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595
These doubts and fears of female constancy ?
'This chime stills rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
'The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

'Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past. 600
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
'Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 605
And climbing, in the summit took his place ;

The Knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run; 610
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light; 614
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the
ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:

All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said, Of all mankind, 635
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
'That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you, }
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655 }

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed? }
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed, }
She shall not want an answer at her need. }
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone, 680
 Who only Is, and is but only One.
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that Solomon hath said?
 What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts; 685
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ; 690
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities; 696
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,
 It must be done.—I am a King, said he,
 And one whose faith has ever sacred been—

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen: 705
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain; 710
 And to the Knight our story turns again;
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
 'This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
 " Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing; Oh good Gods! she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
 Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me! 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all! 740
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.

What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you; 745
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky: 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight;)
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!

Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775

So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light;

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal Pow'rs it seem'd too plain — 779

By all those Pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind;
(Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find,

Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,

The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wip'd from either eye: 785

The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd

Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!

Come down, and vex your tender heart no more: 790
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,

For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;

By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.
Ah, my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)

On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,

Imperfect objects may your sense beguile,
771

Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
 your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
 Both, pleas'd and blest'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our Tale, whose moral next to make,
 Let all wise husbands hence example take;
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
 To be so well deluded by their wives. 820



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